

one down. The night frosts are sharp, and
 as we start
 before sunrise we are all glad to walk for the
 first hour.
 The night in *my* tent at Pikhruz was much
 disturbed,
 and I realised that it is somewhat risky for
 me to have
 my servants out of hearing in the depths of a
 semi-subter-
 ranean dwelling. The village dogs raged at
 times as
 though the Kurds were upon them, and
 every half-hour
 the village guards signalled to each other
 with a long
 mournful yell. I was awakened once by a
 confusion of
 diabolical sounds, shots, shrieks, roars, and
 yells, which
 continued for some time and then died
 away. In the
 morning the guards said that the Kurds had
 attacked a
 large caravan on the plain below, but had
 been repulsed,
 and that men on both sides had been
 wounded.

The following day's march by the silver
 sheet of the
 Kuzik Lake, alive with ducks, divers, and
 other water
 fowl, was very charming. Snow had fallen
 heavily, and
 the Sipan Dagħ and the Nimrud Dagħ were
 white more
 than half-way down their sides. From the
 summit of a
 very wild pass we bade adieu to the beautiful
 Sea of Van,
 crossed a plain in which is a pretty fresh-
 water lake
 with several villages and much cultivation on
 its margin,
 and, after some hours of solitary mountain
 travelling,
 came down upon the great plain of Norullak,
 sprinkled
 with large villages, very fertile, and watered
 by the Murad-
 chai, the eastern branch of the Euphrates.

I was to have had an easy march of five
 hours, and
 to have spent Sunday at Shaoub in the
 comfortable house

of a Protestant pastor with an English-
speaking wife, but
the *zaptiehs* took the wrong road, and as
twilight came on
it was found that Shaoub had been left hours
behind. I
have been suffering very much from the
fatigue of the
very long marches, and only got through this
one by re-
peatedly lying down by the roadside while the
zaptiehs
went in search of information. After it was
quite dark ,